



SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1902



## GRANT'S READY-WIT.

The General's Happy Faculty of Saying the Right Thing at the Right Time.

By force of both association and contrast, thought instinctively turns from Robert E. Lee, the commander in chief of the confederate army, to the man to whom he surrendered at Appomattox. One was the embodiment of courtesy, elegance and rare social gifts; the other was less polished, though of the loftiest manhood, but silent and shy. Grant had the rare faculty of saying the right thing in a social conversation as well as in a military or cabinet conference. Never have I heard him make a more characteristic reply than on the occasion of a reception at my own home at Highland Place, in Washington, writes Thomas B. Bryan, in the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post. The attendance at the reception was very large, and a space for the dances of the young people was set aside by means of a line of ribbon.

No sooner had the dancing begun than Gen. Grant took his position a few feet from the ribbon, his eyes following the graceful figure of his daughter Nellie, now Mrs. Sartoris, as she glided across the floor among her gay companions. There was a light of ingenious satisfaction and pride in the eyes of the general. Evidently this expression attracted the attention of Gen. Sherman, and was thought by him to betray a hint of longing to join the brilliant and happy group of waltzers.

Placing a hand upon the shoulder of Grant, Sherman pointed to the line of ribbon and said:

"This is not a bar to you, general. You're a privileged character and may cross the line without leave."

With a smile which had in it a hint of sadness Grant quickly stepped forward in military order, his toes dressed squarely to the line, and replied:

"Ah, general! I've long since learned to toe the mark!"

Though the incident passed with a laugh, no one who witnessed it could fail to catch the serious meaning underneath it. He, the idol of the American nation, had learned the lessons of obedience and of personal limitations with respect to the rights of others!

The great dispositional contrast between Grant and Sherman was sharply brought out by the events of that night. Not half an hour after Grant had stepped to the line and made the reply which I have narrated, Gen. Sherman had stirred the members of the company to enter the main floor for the stately old Virginia reel. That evening confirmed his reputation as the prince of gallants.

For, instead of the customary bow, he saluted many with a kiss. At first this created a buzz of comment, but it was done only to the youngest, and so gracefully and in such a spirit of fun-making that no one thought of offering the most delicate or diplomatic of objections.

At the beginning of this exhibition of Gen. Sherman's temperamental gaiety I laughingly exclaimed: "Come, general! It's hardly fair for you to take special privileges and not share them with your host!"

"Are you yet 60?" he inquired.

"Not quite," I answered.

In a tone of assumed severity he instantly replied: "Then, sir, you are not in it!"

On this occasion I recognized these troops, as they passed along the roads in the dead of night, by hearing one of them repeat the Texas version of a passage of Scripture with which I was familiar—I mean with the Texas version. You will readily recall the original text when I repeat the Texas version of it that fell upon my ear as I lay in the woods by the roadside that dark night:

"The race is not to them that's got the longest legs to run, Nor the battle to that people That shoots the biggest gun."

This simple confession of faith assured me that the immortal brigade of Hood's Texas was marching to battle in the darkness.—Col. Charles Marshall, in Century.

His Experience.

Singleton—What a wonderful

change a good woman can work in a man's life.

Wederly—Yes, and what a wonderful lot of change she can work out of him.—Chicago Daily News.

SOLDIER FROLICS UNDER FIRE

A Sleepy Color-Bearer's Nap Disturbed by His Mischief-Loving Comrades.

"The boys," said the major, "played tricks on one another even when under fire. On one occasion after our line of battle had been formed the color bearer stuck the flagstaff in a hole in a stump, behind which he sought shelter from the bullets of the enemy's sharpshooters. For a time the confederate fire centered on that stump, or rather on the flag waving from it, while all the time the color bearer, curled up behind the stump, smiled at the efforts of the confederates to cut his flag down.

"Soon the firing became regular and the boys relaxed from the high tension of the opening session. The color bearer, as the boys settled down to regular business, drowsed off to sleep, his flag still flying from the stump. I. N. Cook, now of Guilford, Ill., thought the c. b. was having a pretty easy time and he crept up, lifted the flagstaff out of the stump and let the colors fall to the ground. The boys yelled 'raise the flag,' and the color bearer, waking up, crawled around to the confederate side of the stump.

"He had quite a run of luck, and at one time was several thousand dollars ahead. After an intermittent sitting of a week or ten days, however, he went flat broke, and hitching up his team to the wagonload of provisions, departed for his mountain home, to wash out another fortune.

"Arriving at the main divide or crest of the Rockies, Pete met another miner en route to town, whose season had been less fortunate than his. He had in fact just about enough dust to pay for the next year's provisions.

"Exchanging a few casual remarks, during which this fact was brought out, Pete's mania for gambling led him to make the proposition that as they were both in about the same financial condition they play a game of seven-up to see which one should

possess all the provisions, dust and teams.

"I do not remember the other fellow's name, but at any rate he assented and the game began, the men playing on a log lying at the side of the road. At first the cards favored Pete and he began to speculate on returning to town and recouping his losses at faro.

"The game stood three to nothing in Pete's favor, when, to his dismay, the other fellow scored high, low and the game. The next hand Pete made high game to his opponent's low. The following deal favored Pete's opponent in a like manner, and the game was now a tie, six to six.

"It was his adversary's deal, and Pete, after scanning his, announced that he would stand. His adversary said:

"What have you for high?" giving up in despair as he had not a trump.

"Nothing," replied Pete.

"It's your play, then," came the reply.

"Both wanted but one point to win, and game was the only one out. Pete lost the game by one, turned his wagon, team and provisions over to the other fellow and started up the gulch, entering the road at that place on a prospecting tour. Thus the gulch achieved its name, Seven-up Pete gulch.

"Pete upon being asked why he stood without a trump, said: 'I thought he'd turn a jack on me and go out.' And sure enough, the seventh card was a jack. Pete did well on his tour and washed out a great many dollars in the gulch that bears his name."

The Vegetable Beefsteak.

The notion, long held, that the mushroom presented the composition of animal flesh is rudely shattered. In regard, at any rate, the mushroom does resemble a beefsteak—it contains practically the same amount of water. This fact, as ascertained by recent analyses, hardly justifies the mushroom being regarded as a "vegetable beefsteak." It may be a blow to the vegetarian, but he would have to consume at least ten pounds of mushrooms in order to gain the equivalent of a little over a pound of prime beef. Still, the tender mushroom is undoubtedly easily digestible, and it contains an unusual proportion of potassium salts. Few will deny that the mushroom is an excellent adjunct to many dishes; it has an appetizing flavor and this quality alone makes it dietetically valuable.

Where Breadth Gives Out.

The highest point to which man can ascend without his health being seriously affected is 16,500 feet.

About the Size of It.

Little Willie—Pa, what's a political crank?

Pa—A political crank, my son, is a fool voter employed to turn the stone for politicians who have axes to grind.—Chicago Daily News.

So-Called Facts.

The logical deduction from many a so-called statement of facts is fully 100 per cent.—Chicago Daily News.

Excellent Reason for It.

"I don't see why you speak of her as an acrobat."

"That, my dear boy, is because you didn't happen to see her trying to learn to skate."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Monochromatic.

Brown her eyes and hair and gown, Brown her dainty little shoe! Also, she's engaged to Brown—That's why I am blue.—Philadelphia Press.

## LOST ALL HIS DUST.

And Then Staked His Provisions on a Game of Cards.

How Seven-Up Pete Gulch, a Rich Montana Mining District, Got Its Name—Commemorates a Unique Card Duel.

The report of the consummation of a large mining deal in Seven-up Pete Gulch last week reminds me of what was probably the most remarkable game of seven-up ever played in the state of Montana," said an old-time miner to a New York Sun correspondent.

"Peter Sharf was in the early days a well-known mining man. Prosperity did not agree with him, however. That is, money burned in his pockets. He appeared never to be satisfied with sheer money, no matter what the amount. He wanted action all the time. In other words, he was an inveterate gambler.

"He had some placer claims in the Blackfoot country north of Helena, and after his clean-up had come to town, exchanging his dust for cash, and started out to buck the tiger, after having taken the precaution to purchase a supply of provisions.

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Health Hints.

An egg added to the morning coffee is a good tonic.

A teaspoonful of lemon juice in a small cupful of black coffee will almost certainly relieve a bilious headache.

A healing soap is made by melting a small cake of pure toilet soap with an equal quantity of mutton tallow and half as much cornmeal. It should be well mixed and let cool. If the hands are washed with it they will never chaps.

Black currants are a specific for colds and hoarseness; so is honey and vinegar. Black currant jam made into tea is the old-fashioned cure for a cold, while glycerin and lemon juice in equal parts will quickly give back a lost voice. This mixture is quite palatable.

Insomnia is often caused by worry upsetting the stomach, for indigestion will inflame the blood vessels of the brain. Recognizing this, doctors are now prescribing hot water internally and externally. Before going to bed the person so afflicted should put the feet into hot water. The object of this is to draw the blood from the head, for when the blood vessels are inflated they press against the skull, the result being fears, apprehensions and wakefulness.

GENERAL CLEANINGS.

Ibsen's "Enemy of the People" is the first Swedish book to be translated into Japanese.

Senator Elkins, of West Virginia, has one son at Princeton, another at Harvard and a third at the University of Pennsylvania.

Texas has a permanent school fund amounting to nearly \$8,000,000, and not a dollar of it is in the form of a certificate of indebtedness.

Gilbert Parker, the novelist and member of parliament, says he thinks Fifth avenue, New York, the most beautiful street in the world, next to the Champs Elysees, Paris.

The Inevitable Doubt.

That arbitration is the cure for every ill, they say. I'd like to know if I were sure they'd arbitrate my way.—Washington Star.

QUESTION OF RELATIONSHIP.

"What have you for high?"

"Well, what is it now?"

"If you'd married Aunt Kate 'stead of me, I'd be your nephew, wouldn't I?"—Chicago American.

Little Charlie's Lamentation.

I'm such a boy to wear out clothes. I skip about, and dance. Now, if I were a little dog, I'd not wear out my pants.—Chicago Tribune.

She Wanted an Injunction.

"Is Mrs. Brimfield-Baker the daughter of a judge?"

"Yes. Why do you ask?"

"Because I just now met her and she said she was hurrying down to ask her father to grant her an injunction to prevent her husband from beginning divorce proceedings."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Subterfuge.

"I must say that your appetite has greatly improved of late."

"Yes," answered the hypochondriac. "My doctor said I should have to limit my tobacco. He said I might smoke a cigar after each meal. I am now eating six meals a day."—Washington Star.

On Jordan's Banks.

"Bre' William, since you all time singin' 'bout de yuther side er Jordan, how come you ain't in no hurry ter git over?"

"Bre' Thomas, you shouldn't ax sich leadin' questions. 'Sides dat, you well knows I can't swim!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Hard Luck.

"I don't see why you always croaking about you're hard luck," said the optimistic clerk. "You're getting \$10 a week and—"

"No, I ain't," replied the pessimistic one, "for I had it raised lately."

"And I suppose you consider that unlucky."

"Sure. That made it \$13."—Philadelphia Press.

Opposing Bargains.

"Oh, George," exclaimed Mrs. De Style, "Drigudds & Pricemark advertise their \$90 spring bonnets for \$55.90. I shall die if you do not get me one."

"Well," answered Mr. De Style, "I noticed an ad. in the paper stating that Coole & Plenum would give a first-class funeral for \$39.50."—Baltimore American.

Merchant and Mother.

New Merchant—I wish I knew how to interest mothers in my child's clothing department.

Old Merchant—That's easy. Mark up the sizes on your clothes. Nothing tickles a mother so much as to find that her ten-year-old boy takes a 12-year-old size of suit.—N. Y. Sun.

Made Him Happier.

Mamma—How cruel, Eleanor, to hurt the poor little worm!

Eleanor—But he loved me so, I thought, mamma, I just cut him in two so he'd have company, and the two of him wriggled off together just ever so happy.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Was Overweight.

"I wish I knew of a good way to raise bread," remarked the wife as she tackled one of her biscuits at the breakfast table.

"Why not try a derriker, my dear?" suggested the brutal other half of the combination.—Chicago Daily News.

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## LIST OF THE PIECES OFFERED AT THIS TIME.

PIANO OR ORGAN.

1. All for the Waltzes. . . . .

2. American Liberty. . . . .

3. An Angel's Dream. . . . .

4. Ancient Airs. . . . .

5. Angel's Dream. . . . .

6. All for the Waltzes. . . . .

7. All for the Waltzes. . . . .

8. All for the Waltzes. . . . .